THE WHOLE PROPHESIES OF *Scotland*, *England*, *France*, *Ireland* and *Denmark*:

Propheſied by Marvellous *Merling*, *Beid*, *Berlington*, *Thomas Rymer*, *Waldhave*, *Eltrain*, *Banneſter* and *Sybilla*.

All agreeing in one: Both in Latine Verſe, and in *Scottiſh* Meeter.

Containing many ſtrange and marvelous matters, not of before read nor heard.

EDINBURGH,
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SACRO ET AUG.

Monar. IACOBO, Magnæ BRIT. GAL. & HIB. REGI, &c.

INvicte Regum Regibus edite
Regnum Britannum qui imperio regis
Regali, & unus Chriſtiana
Regula, tum Typus es regendi:
Regnum relictum funere regio,
Regnum receptum munere patrio,
Regnes beatus, nos regendos,
Vſque tuæ ſoboli relinquens.

ALIUD.

COnditor humani generis, cuſtoſque IEHOVAH,
Nil homini tribuit, moderato principe majus:
In quo vera DEI, viventſque elucet Imago,
Effigiem quam fers, Invicte Monarcha Britannum,
Expectate diu, cui vatum oracla priorum
Aurea compoſitis promittunt ſæcula bellis,
Vive diu, ſed vive DEO, vitaque peracta
Puriter, æterna compoſitus pace quieſcas.

Priſca

Priſcæ Scotorum Prophetiæ.

Cotia mæſta dole, propria jam perdita prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude ſubacta tuis.
Proh dolor, ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa,
Ignaræ ſobolis gens, perit ecce dolis.
Magnifici ſunus regis, dolor omnibus unus,
Subdita non legi, dat male Regna Regi.
O gravis anxietas, ſexus dolet omnis, & ætas:
Quem fera mors rapuit, natio *Scota* luit.
Iridem terra ferax, gens martia, natio verax,
Perdiderat gratum, quem tenuere ſtatum.
Duro conflictu, fortune mobilis ictu,
Sunt in deterius, verſa beata prius.
Subjuga veniſti, quæ victrix ante fuiſti:
Advena ſceptra gerit, quæ velit, enſe terit.
Anglorum nati, nec vi, nec more probati,
Væ tibi quod ſolo præda fuere dolo.
Gens invincibilis, gens fortis, genſque virilis,
Succubuit fatis, res miſeranda fatis.
Gloria *Scotorum*, vernans ætate priorum,
Vel tantæ cladis, obtenebrata cadis.
Ecce repentinæ ſunt hujus cauſa ruinæ,
Contemptus fidei, fraus, dolus, ira Dei.
Rerum cæcus amor, inopum oppreſſio, clamor
Iugis, plebs retegens, natio legis egens.
Faſtus majorum, vitiorum cauſa priorum,
Peccati ſomes legis inepta comes.
Hunc cecinere ſtatum, veterum preſagia vatum,
Singula vovere, quæ cecinere fere.
Scandala, terrores, plagas, varioſque dolores,
Ex ſerie fari *Scotia* diſce pati.
Gens ſurget ex te diverſa proſperitate,
Vix poterunt ſcribi, damna futura tibi.
Sed ne diſperes, quæ tantis luctibus hæres,
Non eſt perpetua plaga futura tua.

18 Credo licet ſero, veterum præſagia vera,
In bonitate DEI, ſit tibi cura ſpei.
19 Nam quæ tot pateris, quæ jam captiva videris,
Tandem ſolveris, imperialis eris.
20 Deſuper eveniet tibi virtus, *Scotia* fiet,
Vltima proſperior, quam tua vita prior.
21 Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres,
Qui ſua jura novans, Regna juvabit ovans.
22 Stragibus immenſis ſudabit Scoticus enſis,
Rex prædet cunctos ultor ubique reos.
23 Irruet Angligena per eum gens, non ſine pœna,
Enſe, ſiti, fletu, peſte, tremore, metu.
24 Hoſtibus afflictes, ſtratis per prælia victis,
Scotia tuque tui, placida pace frui.

Alia Prophetica.

MIlleſimus ſexcenteſimus mirabilis annus
Ternus erit, *Scotis* commoda magna ferens:
Ortus & interitus Regnum fatalis, & idem
Anglorum ad *Scotum* transferet imperium.

Alia Prophetica, de Cathedra Marmorea.

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem; regnare tenentur ibidem.

Laus *IOVÆ*, variæque hæres, hæres & Eliſæ,
Namque abeunt, tibi at adveniunt, ſine ſanguine regna.

The same in SCOTTISH Meeter.

Old Scottish Prophesies.

1 *Scotland* be sad now, and lament thy Child whom thou hast lost:
Reft of Kings, falsly undone by thine own kindly host.
Alas, the free is bond become, and deceit is thy fall,
The falshood of the Brutish race has brought thee into thrall.

2 The grave of the most noble Prince to all is great regrate
Not subject to law, who doth leave the Kingdom and Estate.
O anguish great, where every kind and age doth lament,
Whom bitter death has tane away, shall *Scotland* sore repent.

3 Lately a land of rich increase, a Nation stout and true,
Has lost their former dear estate, which they did hold of due.

4 By hard conflict, and by the chance of mobile Fortunes force,
Thy hap and thy prosperity is turned into worse.

5 Thou wont to win, now is subdu'd and come in under yoke,
A stranger reigns, and doth destroy what likes with swords stroak.

6 The English race, whom neither force nor manner do approve,
Wo is to thee by guile and slight is only win above.

7 The mighty Nation was to fore invincible and stout,
Has yielded low to destiny, great pity is but doubt.

8 In former age the Scots renown did flourish goodly gay,
But now alas is over-clad with a great dark decay.

9 Then mark and see what is the cause of this so wondrous fall.

Contempt of Faith, falshood, deceit, the wrath of G
withall.
12 Vnsatiable greed of worlds gain, oppression, cryes
Perpetual a slandrous race, no justice put in ure. (poo
13 The haughty pride of mighty men of former vi
chief cause,
The nutriture of wickedness, an unjust match of laws.
14 Therefore this case the Prophets old of long time di
presage,
As now has happened every point into this present age:
15 Since fate is so, now *Scotland* learn in patience to abid
Slanders, great fears, and sudden plagues, and dolours m
beside.
16 For out of thee shall people rise, with divers happi
ness,
And yet a pen can scarcely write thy hurt, skaith & distres
17 And yet beware thou not distrust, although ov'r
whelm'd with grief,
Thy stroke is not perpetual, for thou shalt find relief.
18 I do suppose although too late old Propheſies shal
hold,
Hope thou in Gods goodness ever, and mercies manifold
19 For thou that now a patient is, & seemeth to be bound
At liberty shall free be set, and with empyre renown'd.
20 From high above shall grace come down, and state
thy *Scotland* be,
In latter end more prosperous nor former age did see.
21 Old Propheſies foretell to thee, a warlike heir be'sborn
Who shall recover new his right, advance his kingdoms
horn.
20 Then shall the Scots sword sweat with blood, and
slaughter which they make,
The king himself revenger shall the guilty troups down
wrack,
25 The English nation shal invade, but not escape a plague
With sword, with thirst, with tears and pest, with fear and
such like ague.
24 And after enemies be's thrown down, and mastered
by war,
Then *Scotland* in peace quietly, passe joyful dayes for ever.

When

When HEMPE is come and also gone,
SCOTLAND and *ENGLAND* shall be all one.

K. K. Q. K. Q.

HENRY EDWARD MARY PHILIP ELIZ.
the eighth. the sixth. of Spain, Q.
M. Husband.

H E M P E.

Praised be God alone, for HEMPE is come and gone,
And left us old ALBION, by peace joyned in one.

Tempore patet occulta veritas.

In time appeareth hidden truth.

MERLING sayes in his book who will read right
Although his sayings be uncouth, they shall be true found,
In the seventh chapter read who so will
One thousand and more after Christs birth,
When the Chalnalider of Cornwel is called,
And the wolf out of Wales is vanquisht for ay:
Then many ferlies shal fall, and many folk shal die;
Many felcouth shal be seen in all Christen lands,
In the Moon and the Sea, and signs in the Sun:
And in all planets plainly that appears in the Sky.
Then shal the Lyon be best in the brade north,
And a fellon flaw shal fall soon after,
And a shedding of blood within short time:
Both the Moon and the Mernes great dool shal make,
And all Mar shall mourn many dayes after.
The great Bear with his tusks the field shal lose,
A fell showre of the south shal fade for ever.

And

And that Leid shal his life loſe in another Land.
Then shal a frick be foſtered far in the South,
And to the Kyth shal he go that he came from,
With much wealth and worship shal he go home,
And in habite Albanie unto the end.
Both the Ylcs and Arrane at his own will,
Many men shal laugh when he hame comes.
But much ſelcouth shal be ſeen within short time,
At his own kind blood there shal he begin:
Chooſe of the chiefeſt, and chop off their heads:
Some harled in ſleds and hanged on hie,
Some put in priſon, and much pain bide.
The Crab shal be out of his clift a long time,
With unkind blood, and yet shal recover:
And other beirns in whole banisht forever,
Covetice shal be his name, the King of that Kyth:
For both his heart and his head shal be of flint forged.
No Lord shal live in that land but himſelf alone;
But they are brieved in bill, to keep them in baile,
Yet shal a man of more vail mar him for ever,
For ſuddenly he shal go down, and die in a fen;
There shal no King come in that Kyth for a long time
But a figure of a flowre, and faireſt of the firth,
The white flowre and the red, ſo shal he be called.
In the mouth of Arran a ſelcouth shal fall,
Two bloody Harts shal be tane with a falſe train,
And derfly dung down without any doome,
Ireland, Orkney, and other lands many:
For the death of theſe twa, great dool shal make.
Then much ſorrow is ſeen within ſeven years,
Both the Crab and the Cock they shal eſcape,
For mare harm at that time shal they not have:
When the Raven roups, many shal rue,
From Cornwel to Caithneſs they shal his cry hear:
When the Gled in his clift is climde to the hight,
He counts not the Lyon that he is kind Lord:
Then the Graip would govern all, and gapes thereafter,
With great gifts of gold the flowre would he get,
Come he once in his clooks, he covers it never.
Then would a poor Cative be keeper of the Kyth,
Yet shal it fail the freit that the fool thinks.

When

When the Cock crows, keep well his comb,
or the Fox and the Fulmart, they are falſe both,
hen the Raven and the Rook has rounded together,
nd the Kid in his clift shal accord to the ſame,
hen shal they be bold, and ſoon to bail after.
hen shal the Buck in belling-time make a great bear,
is but wind that he waſts, for he is put away.
hen shal waken up a war, and much wae after,
hen the birds of the Raven rugs and reavs,
nd the leil men of Lothian be loppen on their horſe;
hen shal the poor people be ſpoiled full near,
nd the Mers shal mourn many dayes after,
nd all the Abbies truly that ſtands on Tweed,
nd all Louthian shal live on their lives anter,
hey shal burn aud flay, and great reif make,
here dare no poor man ſay whoſe man he is.
hen shal the land be lawleſs, for love there is none,
And falshood shal have ſoot fully five years,
And truth truly shal be tint, and none shal truſt the other,
The Coſine once shal not truſt the other,
Nor the ſon the father, nor the father the ſon,
For to have his goods, he would have him hanged,
Then shal they a counſel call for peace of the Kyth,
To make love among Lords, but that shal not laſt:
For thoſe Barrons and Batchelers that will not obey,
That wil not keep to their cry, nor come to their call.
Then shal men be marked for their miſdeeds,
That shal turn them to rein within a while after,
When 14 are paſt, and twiſe three, the threep is at end,
And over a watter he shal, and fair ſee for himſelf,
And in a fair forreſt shal an Ern big,
Many man shal loſe their life in the mean time:
For they shal pitch a field and fiercely fight:
Vpon a broad muire a battel shal be:
Beſide a ſtock croſſe that ſtands in the North,
It is covered with dead Corps, and all of a Kyth,
That the Crow may not know where the croſs ſtood.
The Wolf shal be watchman and keep many wayes,
And shal be leil to the Lyon, his own kind Lord,
Holy Church is cumbered with the beſt of the Kyth (laſt,
With languages that lives not by Chriſt, but that shal not

From

From Balcomy to the Basse on the broad sea,
And from Ireland in the Forth shal be a fair sight
Of Barges and Billingers, and many broad sail;
With 3 Libberts, and the Flowrdeluce fair upon hight.
Then shal an Hunter in haste come forth of the South
With many Ratches in row ruled full right,
And shal go on his foot over the water of Forth:
And in Fife shal he fight, and the field win;
And the Chiftanes shal die on the other side.

When the man in the Moon is most in his might,
Then shal Dumbarton turn up that is down,
And the mouth of Arran both at one time.
And the Lord with the lucken hand his life shal he lose
For covetousness and treason, that loses the land.

When the craigs of Tarbat is tumbled in the sea,
At the next Summer after sorrow for ever.
Beids Books have I seen, Banesters also,
Marvelous Merling and all accords in one.
Marvelous Merling is wasted away,
With a wicked woman wo might she be:
For she hath closed him in a Craig on Cornwel cost.

When the Cock in the North hath builded his nest,
Busked his Birds, and bowned him to flee:
Then shal Fortune, his friend, the gates up cast,
And right shal have his free entry.

Then rise shal the Moon in the North-West,
In a cloud as black as the bill of a Crow;
Then is looosed a Lyon, the boldest and the best,
That was born in Britain since Arthures days,
Then shal a dreadful Dragon dress him from his den
To help the Lyon with his great might.
A Bull and a Bastards spurs shal spend,
To abide with the Bear, to reckon his rights.

A Libberd engendered of native kind,
With the stern of Bethlehem shal rise in the South,
An Horse and an Anthelop, boldly shal abide,
A Bear and a Brock, with berns so bright,
A proud Prince in the preass Lordly shal light,
With bold Barrons in bushment to battel shal wend,
Then shal the prophesie prove that Thomas of Ercls,
Many comely Knights is cast under foot:

That

at shal make Maidens mourn, that in bowre dwels,
e dreadful day of deſtiny shal drive to the night:
al make Maids and Wives in mourning be brought,
en they meet in the morning with the Moon light:
twixt Seton and the ſea, ſorrow shal be wrought.
ere the Lyon shal be hurt and not perceived,
en shal he braid to the beſt, that him the hurt wrought:
d many ſtern in that ſtound shal fold to the free,
d the proudeſt in the preaſs to bail shal be brought,
e fey Fox and the Fulmert in arms are taken,
d led to the Lyon law to abide:
e Pyper and the Pye shal ſuffer the ſame:
l the friends of the Fox shal be fey made.
en shal Troy untrue tremble for dread,
r dreaddor of the dead man when they hear him ſpeak,
l the commons of the Kyth shal caſt him the keys,
e bushment of Beverlaw therewith shal break.
When war men and Woods, away went,
nd every ſeed in his ſeaſon kindly is ſet,
nd right well ruled, and falshood is fled;
nen shal be plenty of peace when laws have no let,
e Spouſe of GOD shal ſing with a joyful ſong,
anking GOD thereof, and the Trinity,
nd all grace and goodneſs shal grow us among:
nd every fruit shal have plenty by land and by ſea,
nen the Sun and the Moon shal shine bright,
at many days afore dark have been,
nd keep their courſe both day and night,
ith more mirth than men have ſeen,
s Berlingtons books, and Baneſter us tells.
erling, and many mo, that with marvels mels,
nd alſo Thomas Rymer in his tales tells.
They ſay, the Saxons shal chooſe them a Lord,
at shal make them greatly to fall under:
e dead man shal riſe, and make them accord,
nd this is much wonder and ſlight,
hat he that was dead, and buried in ſight,
al riſe again, and live in the land,
comfort of a young Knight,
hat Fortune hath choſen to be her husband,
he wheel shal turn to him full right,

That

That Fortune hath choſen to be her fiere,
In Surry ſhal he ſhew a ſight,
In Babylon bring many a beirn or beir,
Fifteen miles from Ieruſalem the holy croſs win ſhal he
The ſame Lord that bears the Lyon,
At Standfoord wan the gree,
Fortune hath granted him the victory,
Since firſt that he arms bare:
For without treaſon or traitory,
Deſtiny ſhal not him deir,
While kind of age till him drive,
For every Man on Molde muſt die,
But end he ſhal in the land of Chriſt,
And in the vale of Joſaphat buried ſhal he be.

The Propheſie of Beid.

BEtwixt the chief of Summer and the ſaid Winter,
Before the heat of the harveſt hapen ſhal a war
That Europs lands earneſtly ſhal be wrought,
And earneſt envy ſhal laſt but a while:
But the Lyon with his luſty flowrs,
For harm of hard heat ſhal hap him with leaves:
Then ſpeed and ſpread him to Spain into Winter,
All flowrs on the Forth ſhal follow him on.
Callender ſhal cry Cornwel the noble,
And inherit all Albany at his own will,
Envy to all Allier is anone to be wrocken,
Old Almoſcycians, and Albany the ſame,
Shal recover caſtles and towrs out of Saxon hands,
When Britoners ſhal beat them with brands of ſteel,
There ſhal no baſtard blood bide in theſe lands:
Albanus that time King of the Earth.
Albanactus King and Lord of the land,
To the Lillie ſhal lean, and love none other.
The Lyon leader of all, and Lord of all beaſts,
Shal lean to the Lilly, and live him with:
And ſhal ſtir him to ſtrive by the ſtream of Humber,
The ſtepſons of the Lyon ſturdily of themſelves,
They ſhal ſtart up with ſtrife and ſtir all at once,
And ſtrik down the ſtepſons and deſtroy them for ever:

Neither

Neither love they the Lilly nor the Lyon:
But the Lilly shal be lowſe when they leaſt ween,
Then all ſhal happen to the Hart, happen as it may
And the tail of the Summer toward the Harveſt,
Be then the Lilly shal be louſed when they leaſt think,
Then clear Kings blood shal quake for fear of death.
For Churls shal chop off heads of their cheif beirns,
And carſe off the crowns that Chriſt hath anointed,
All this muſt deſtiny drive to an end.
An Eagle of the Eaſt, a venterous beaſt,
Shal be glad flowrs to fang in the firſt ſeaſon.
And ſtir to the Stepſon, and ſtrik them together,
Bind bands bruckle, and bail to begin:
For he would Garlands get of theſe fair flowrs,
That in Summer ſeaſon ſpreads ſo fair:
But ſoon shal fail the fruit that the fool thinks,
A fell Northern flaw shal fade him for ever.
Hereafter on either ſide ſorrow shal ariſe,
The Barges of clear Barrons down shal be ſunken,
Seculars shal ſit in Spiritual ſeats,
Occupying Offices, anointed as they were.
The true title to purchaſe that the truth holds,
They shal torment them with torments anew.
Then Barons shal buſk on their beſt wiſe,
Attour, the Fels, to fair with a fey Fox bird;
Turn firſt to Chriſt with Tods wyles;
But ſoon the Tod shal be tint, and his time loſed,
They shal eſcape ſuch a chak, eſchew who ſo may,
Then shal the nobleſt eſcape with the Felles,
Yet shal the one Fox in the field eſcape:
The Falcon shal be looſed in his wings,
Who ſo truſts not this tale, nor the tearm knows,
Let him on *Merling* mean, and his merry words:
And true *Thomas* told in his time after,
At Sandfoord shal be ſeen example of their deeds;
Yet it muſt overdrive the Tod in his buſk.
Buſk thee now Berwick with thy broad walls,
Thou shalt incline to thy King that is thy kind Lord.
As Saint *Beid* of that burgh in his book ſayes,
Thou shalt with the Lyon lean, and liſten for ever,
Though thou be ſubject to Saxons, ſorrow thou not,

Thou

Thou shalt be looſed at laſt, believe thou in Chriſt,
And every language shal have his Lordshipt o brook.
It was not loſt, but lent for a little time,
Bold Berwick be blyth with thy broad walls,
Thou shalt to the Lyon ſtoup as Lord of his own:
Let never the Libber lippen longer a day,
In bold Britain to brook a foot-broad of earth,
Who ſo doubts of this deed, or denies hereon,
I do them well, for to know the date is deviſed:
Take the formoſt of middle earth, and mark by thy ſelf
With four Creſcents, cloſed together:
Then of the Lyon, the longeſt ſee thou chooſe:
Looſe not the Lyoneſs, let her ly ſtill.
If thou caſt through caſe the courſe of the heaven,
Take Saint Andrews Croſs thriſe,
Keep well theſe teachments, as Clarks have told,
Thus begins the date, deem as thou likes,
Thou shalt not ceaſe in that ſeat, aſſumed in the text,
Or the height of the heat neareſt the winter,
No tail of the tearm will I thee tell.
But Chaſtity the Chiftan of their chief wrongs,
Or in the height of the harveſt, heard of thy ſelf,
Shal wicked weird undo, and to the right,
And this ere I wiſt, I wakened anone:
Though I write as it was, wiſt I it not.

The Propheſie of MERLING.

IT is to fall, when they it find,
That fell on face, is fain to flee.
That commendare of ſtordlings ſtrinde,
Waving through the work of wind:
The Bear his muzle shal upbind,
And never after bound shal be,
Away the other shal wave with wind,
And as they come ſo shal they flee.
Syce shal up, and Sink shal under:
The dead shal riſe, and work great wonder:
And joy shal riſe to man and wife,
The ſorrowful shal ſtill of ſtrife,
All men shal joy of his reſurrection,

And

in ſpecial men of Religion,
e Monter is ready, the Peſtel alſo,
e ſauce ſhal be bitter, and that to his foe,
d the Devils alſo ſhal helpen to.
en the banks of Beil ſhal bloom all about:
en hie thee Huncheon to Hilles, and cloſe thee there,
ou ſhal be werped with a wind, and plucked ilk penin,
al never doun on thy ſkin, nor bits bethee lett,
e thunder ſhal work thy hold to the cold earth,
al never ſtone upon ſtone nor ground be thee left,
d ſo that wretched work is deſtroyed for ever.

There ſhal a Galyart Goat with a golden horn,
illedow with a Toade, ſuch a prime hold,
their Peers in a place by a ſtream ſide:
ſtrive with the ſtream, but they no ſtrength have,
r their moving they meet in the mid-way.
the grooms ſhal grounch by the way-ſide,
d many bairns ſhal have his byth on the backſide,
d that marvel ſhal fall by a Fyrth ſide;
here the leader of the Land ſhal his life loſe,
t that bargain ſhal brew in a bare brugh,
hat ſhal banish from bleſs many bright helm,
hen it is breived of his back, and his brief known,
dumb Organs dight, then may thou well deem
f all the weil and the wealth before then was wrought
ith hunger and hirſhip on every hill,
et this wicked world ſhal laſt but a while:
hile a Chiftain unchoſen chooſe forth himſelf,
nd ride over the Region, and for Roy holden;
hen his ſcutiſiers ſhal skail all the fair South,
om Dumbarton to Dover, and deal all the lands,
e ſhal be Kid conquerour, for he is kind Lord
f all Britain that bounds to the broad ſea,
he conqueſſing ſhal be keeped, and never conqueſt after.
By the coaſt ye ſhal know when the Knight comes,
e has a mark in the middle, where no man may know;
hen he is ſet in the Eaſt when the ſun riſeth,
e has a ſign ſhal ſhew on the South-ſide.
ſanum venenoſi ſanguinis de ventre matris ſuæ,
l Wales I wiſh ſhal wend with that Roy,

For to work his will, where he think would,
Guaine, Gaskonigne, and Britain the blyth,
Shal busk to his bidding on their beſt wiſe:
The whole men will help in his moſt hight,
Then shal he turn into Tuskane but treaty or true,
And busk him over the mountains on mid-winter even
And then go to Rome, and rug down the walls,
And over all the Region Roy shal be holden.
Oft this book have I ſeen, and better thereafter,
Of marvelous Merling, but is waſted away,
With a wicked woman, wo might she be.

The propheſie of Berlington.

WHen the Ruby is raiſed, reſt is there none,
But much rancour shal riſe in river and plain,
Much ſorrow is ſeen through a ſluth Hound,
That bears horns in his head like a wild Hart:
Then a Brock shal make a braid on a broad field,
And an Hound shal bear a back with a brime face,
The ſlouthful ſlouth Hound shal ſlay him for ever,
Through a treaty of true, a train shal be made,
That Scotland shal rue, and England for ever;
For the which Gladſmoore, & Govanmoore gapes there after
Then shal the banks of Beil bloom all about:
Then hye the Hurcheon to Hales, and cloſe thee therein,
Thou shal be warped with a wind, and pluked ilk pen,
Shal never doun on thy skin, nor birs be the left,
A thunder shal work thy hold to the cold earth,
Shal never ſtone upon ſtone, on ground be thee left,
And ſo this wretched beaſt is deſtroyed for ever.
When faith fails in Prelates ſawes,
And temporal Lords will hold new Laws,
And lechery holden for privy ſolace,
And reefholden for good purchaſe,
When Rome is divided in two parts,
And every Prieſt hath the Popes power:
Then shal the land of Albany,
Be put to great perplexity.
Man ſin forethink, and miſſe amend,

Dread

read GOD, do Law, think on the end.
Betwixt Temtallon and the Baſs,
hou shalt ſee a right fair ſight,
f Barges and Billingers and many broad Sail,
ith 3 Libberts, and the flowre deluce hye upon hight:
nd ſo the dreadful Dragon shal rise from his den,
nd from the deep doughty shal draw to the hight.
Of Bruces left-ſide shal ſpring out a leaf,
near as the ninth degree,
nd shal be fleemed of fair Scotland:
France far beyond the ſea:
d then shal come again riding,
th eyes that many men may ſee,
Aberlady he shal light,
ith hempen helters and horſe of tree,
n Gosfoord green it shal be ſeen,
n Gladſmoor shal the battel be:
ow Albany thou make thee bown,
his bidding be thou prompt,
e shal deal both Towre and Town,
s gifts shal ſtand for evermore.
hen boldly bown thee thereafter,
on a broad moor a battel shal be,
ſide a ſtob of Croſs of ſtone,
hich on the moor ſtands hie,
shal be clearly clad over with corps of Knights,
at the Crow may not find where the Croſs ſtood;
ny wife shal weep, and Syce shal under,
e dead shal riſe and that shal be wonder,
d rax him rudely in his shirt shield,
r the great comfort of a new King.
w hie Powoke, with thy proud shows,
ke thy part of the pelf when the pack opens,
shal not be Gladſmoore by the ſea,
shal be Gladſmoor where ever it be:
d the little Lown that shal be,
betwixt the Lowmond and the Sea:
d well is the man in all his life,
at hath a Cote-houſe into Fife,
d yet once shal come the day
would the Cote-houſe were away.

And

And there shall come an hound out of the South,
With him a rayment of Ratches ruled right:
And actor for the keinly shall he come.
And in Fyfe shall fight, and the field win:
Yet shall a Northern flaw fail him for ever,
And kill him to confusion, and return never.
An Eagle then shall come out of the North,
With a flock of birds fair at the flight,
Which shall make many foot founder and fall.
Then shall a ghost come out of the West,
With him a fair meinyie:
Vpon the Eagle make him bown:
But he so nigh then shall he flee.
I cannot tell you what he height:
A bastard trow I best he be.
His name shall not be expremed as now,
For he was gotten with a Lady in privity;
His doughty deed without all doubt,
Shal comfort all his company.
However it happened for to fall,
The Lyon shal be Lord of all.
The French wife shal bear the son,
Shal weild all Britain to the sea:
And from the Bruces blood shal come,
As near as the ninth degree,
Marvelous Merling, that many men of tells,
And Thomas sayings comes all at once:
Though their sayings be selcouth, they shal be sooth found
And there shal all our glading be,
The Crow shal sit upon a stone,
And drink the gentle blood so free:
Take of the ribs, and bear to her birds:
As GOD hath said so must it be.
Then shal Ladies Lads wed,
And brook Castles and Towers hie.
Beid hath brieved in his book, and *Banester* also,
Marvelous *Merling*, and all accords in one:
Thomas the true that never spake falle,
Consents to their sayings, and the same term has taken:
Yet shal there come a keen knight over the salt sea,
A keen man of courage and bold man of arms:

ukes ſon doubled, a born man in *France*,
t ſhal our mirths amend, and mend all our harms,
er the date of our Lord, 1513. and thrice three there-
ich ſhal brook all the broad iſle to himſelf. (after
wixt xiii. and thrice three, the threep ſhal be ended
e Saxons ſhal never recover after.
ſhal be crowned in the Kith, in the Caſtle of Dover,
ich wears the golden garland of *Iulius Ceſar*;
re worſhip ſhal he win of greater worth,
en ever *Arthur* himſelf had in his dayes:
ny doughty deeds ſhal he do thereafter,
ich ſhal be ſpoken of many dayes better.

The Propheſie of *Thomas Rymer*.

Till on my wayes as I went,
Out through a land beſide a lee,
et a bairn upon the way,
e thought him ſeemly for to ſee,
ſked him wholly his intent;
od Sir if your will be,
ce that ye bide upon the bent,
me uncouth tidings tell you me:
en ſhal all theſe wars be gone,
at leil men may live in lee,
when ſhal falſhood go from home,
d laughty blow his horn on hie?
oked from me not a mile,
d ſaw two Knights upon a lee:
ey were armed ſeemly new,
o croſſes on their breaſts they bare,
d they were clad in diverſe hue,
ſundry Countreys as they were.
e one was red as any blood,
n a Shield a Dragon keen,
ſtir'd his Steed as he were mad,
ith crabbed words ſharp and keen,
ght to the other bairn him by.
is horſe was all of ſilver ſheen,
it a ramping Lion keen,
mly into gold was ſet,

His border was of Azur sheen,
His Shield was shaped right seemly;
With silk and sabble well was plet,
I looked from over a green,
And saw a Lady on a lee,
That such an one had I never seen,
The light of her shined so hie:
Attour the moor whereat she soor,
The fields me thought fair and green:
She rode upon a steed full stoore,
That such an one had I seldom seen,
Her steed was white as any milk,
His top, his tail, were both full blae,
A sad saddle sowed with silk,
As all were gold it glittered sa,
His harnessing was of silk of Inde,
Set with precious stones free;
He ambled on a noble kinde.
Vpon her head stood Crowns three,
Her garment was of gowels gay,
But other colour saw I none.
A flying fowl then I saw,
Light beside her on a stone:
A stoop into her hand she bare,
And holy water she had readie,
She sprinkled the field both here and there,
Said here shal many dead corps lye:
At yon bridge upon yon burn,
Where the water runs bright and sheen.
There shal many steeds spurne,
And Knights die through battels keen.
To the two Knights then did she say,
Let be your strife my Knights free,
Ye take your horse, and ride your way,
As GOD hath ordained, so must it be.
Saint Andrew thou hast the right,
Saint George thou art mine own Knight;
Thy wrongous heirs shal work thee wae,
Now are they on their wayes gone,
The Lady and the Knights twa:
To that beirn then can I ment,

d asked tidings by my fay,
at kind of light was that, I ſaid,
ou sheweſt to me upon yon lee?
where from came yon Knights twa?
ey ſeemed of a far Countrie,
at Lady that I let thee ſee,
at is the Queen of Heaven ſo bright:
e fowl that flew by her knee,
at is ſaint Michael, much of might?
e Knights two the field to ta,
ere many men in field shal fight;
ow you well it shal be ſa,
t die shal many a gentle Knight,
h death shal many a doughty deal.
e Lord shal be then away,
ere is none Herret that can tell,
o shal win the field that day.
rowned King in arms three,
der the banner shal be ſet,
o falſe and feigned shal be,
e third shall light and make great let,
ners five again shall ſtrive,
d come in on the other ſide:
e white Lyon shall beat them down,
d work them wae with wounds wide.
e Bears head, with the red Lyon
meetly into red gold ſet,
at day shall ſlay the King with Crown,
ough many Lords make great let,
ere shall attour the water of Forth,
in gold the red Lyon,
d many Lords out of the North,
that battel that shall make them bown,
ere shall Creſcents come full keen,
t wears the croſs as red as blood,
every ſide shall be ſorrow ſeen,
ouled is many doughty food,
de a loch upon a lee,
y shal aſſemble upon a day,
many doughty men shal die,
in quiet shal be found away.

Our Scottish King shal come ful keen,
The red Lyon beareth he:
A feddered arrow sharp I ween,
Shal make him wink, and warre to see.
Out of the field he shal be led,
When he is bloody and wo for blood;
Yet to his men then shal he say,
For GODS love you turn again,
And give yon Southern folk a fray:
Why should I lose? the right is mine,
My date is not to die this day.
Yonder is falshood fled away,
And laughty blows his born on hie,
Our bloody King that wears the Crown,
Full boldly shal the battel bide,
His banner shal be beaten down,
And hath none hole his head to hide.
The sterns three that day shal die,
That bears the Hart in silver sheen:
There is no Riches, Gold nor fee,
May lengthen his life an hour I ween.
Thus through the field that Knight shal ride,
And twice rescue the King with crown,
He shal make many a banner yeeld.
The Knight that bears the Tods three,
He will by force the field to tae,
But when he sees the Lyon die,
Think ye well he will be wo.
Beside him lights beirns three,
Two are white, and the third is blae,
The Tods three shal slay the two,
The third of them make him die.
Out of the field shal go no more,
But one Knight and knaves three.
There comes a banner red as blood,
In a ship of silver sheen,
With him comes many ferly food,
To work the Scots much hurt and wo.
There comes a Ghost out of the West,
Is of another language then he;
To the battel bowns him best,

s ſoon as he the Senyour can ſee,
he Ratches works them great wanreſt,
here they are rayed on a lee;
annot tell who hath the beſt,
ch one of them makes other die.
white Swan ſet into blae,
al ſemble from the South ſea,
o work the Northern folk great wo,
r know you well thus shal it be,
he ſtaiks aught with ſilver ſet,
al ſemble to the other ſide,
ll he and the Swan be met,
ey shal work wo with winds wide,
rough wounds wide their weeds hath wet,
boldly will their beirns bide:
is no reck who gets the beſt,
ey shal both die in that ſame tide.
There comes a Lord out of the north,
iding upon a horſe of tree,
at broad lands hath beyond Forth;
e white Hind beareth he,
nd two Ratches that are blew,
t into Gold that is ſo free:
at day the Eagle shal him ſlay,
nd then put up his banner hie,
e Lord that bears the Loſans three,
t into gold with Gowels two:
efore him shal a battel be,
e wears a banner that is blew,
t with Peacok tails three,
nd luſtie Ladies heads two:
nfain of one each other shal be,
l through grief together they go,
annot tell who wins the gree;
ch one of them shal other ſlay;
he Eagle gray ſet into green,
hat wears the Harts heads three,
ut of the South he shal be ſeen,
o light and ray him on a lee,
ith fifty five Knights that are keen,
nd Earles either two or three:

From Carleil shal come bedeen:
Again shal they it never see,
At Pinkin Cleugh there shal be spilt
Much gentle blood that day,
There shal the Bear loss the gilt,
And the Eagle bear it away.
Before the water men calls Tyne,
And there overlays a bridge of stone,
The Bears three lose the gree,
There shal the Eagle win his name.
There comes a beast out of the West,
With him shal come a fair minyie,
His banner hath been seldom seen,
A bastard trow I best he be:
Gotten with a Lady sheen,
With a Knight in privity:
His arms are full eath to know,
The red Lyon beareth he,
That Lyon shal forsaken be,
And be right glad to flee away
Into an Orchard on a lee,
With herbs green and allies gray,
There will he inlaked be,
His men sayes, harmesay:
The Eagle puts his banner on hy,
And sayes, the field he won that day,
There shal the Lyon ly full still;
Into a Valley fair and bright,
A Lady shouts with words shril,
And sayes, Wa with thee coward Knight,
Thy men are slain upon yon hill,
To dead are many doughty dight,
Thereat the Lyon liketh ill,
And raiseth his banner hy on hight,
Upon the moor that is so gray,
Beside an headless cross of stone,
There shal the Eagle die that day,
And the red Lyon win the name.
The Eagles three shal lose the gree,
That they have had this many day,
The red Lyon shal win renown,

n all the field and bear away,
e Crow shal come, another shal gae,
d drink the gentle blood so free.
en all these ferlies were away,
en saw I none, but I and he:
en to the beirn couth I say,
ere dwells thou? or in what countrey?
who shal rule the Isle Britain,
m the North to the South sea?
e French wife shal bear the Son,
l rule all Britain to the sea:
at of the Bruces blood shal come,
near as the ninth degree,
ained fast, what was his name?
ence that he came? from what Countrey?
Erisslingtoun, I dwell at hame,
mas Rymer men call me.

The Prophesie of Waldhave.

UPon Lowdon-Law alone as I lay
Looking to the Lennox, as me lief thought;
e first morning of *May*, Medicine to seek,
r malice and melody that moved me sore,
ed down, and leaned me, and listed wel sleep,
on the height of an hill, as the voice bade.
d as I lyed down, and heilded mine eyes,
heard I an hoarse voice, and an hie cry,
at bade me, *Waldhave* beware, and me well keep,
r fear of a wild beast, that his weird dries.
erewith I stonish, and stood, and start on my feet
d lained me on every side, as the voice bade.
nen I looked but let, lightly me frae,
nd saw an hirsal on hie of Hares together,
n hundred I hope, well wholly there was:
nen of Foxes, a flock, fully fivescore:
l following on a fierce beast, that rudely them chast,
at was all wood through weirdd wofull to see.
ght ragged and rent, and riven in pieces:
battel with bastoun; he bare on his broad lufes,
ke a brimful beirn, battel to make,
e thought to effray, and them fast pressed,

As he in fold would them fang, firm at his will:
But when he ſaw me with ſight, ſoon he them left,
And when he ſhundered away, no more I them ſaw:
Then groaning grimly, he girt to me ſoon.
As Gerrert the great ſhrew had done for the nonce,
He ſtruck faſt with his ſtaff, and ſtonisht me ſore;
But I keeped him by Chriſt, with a keen weapon.
That was my ſword till I ſwet, ſwinging me about,
And a buckler well broad, that keeped me beſt.
So freshly he foced me meat for to make,
That ſhundren on the fold, and his feet ſnappered,
The baſton on the bent ſore braſed him frae,
And I but baid on his breaſt, bowned my ſelf.
All groufflings on the ground graciouſly him held,
Through grace of the great God, that had me warned
He yelped, he yalmered, and yowled lowd,
And ſtrugled faſt his ſtrength, and ſtruck upon loft,
But I held him by the hair as mine hap was,
And height to hurt him ful ſore, but he him ſtil held,
And conjured him by Chriſt, and his Mother dear,
And he ſhould ſhew me to his kith and kin.
But long was it that he lay ere he ſpeak might,
And at the laſt he can leave, and lightly he ſaid,
Wald have, wit thou that well hath thee hapned;
Thou thought not that thy weird this wrought ſhould be
But let me riſe of this race, and reſt thee beſide,
And I ſhal readily, without riot, thee marvels tell:
Geat grace haſt thou gotten, that got me this time.
I ſhal grieve thee no more, ſo is thy grace turned.
But yet I truſted not his tale, while he his truth gave
By the law and the lead, that he lived on,
That I ſure ſhould be, and ſafe, and none ill betide:
Then let I him riſe, and leaned on his ſhoulder,
And great marvel of his face, and his form had.
He was formed like a freik all his four quarters:
And then his chin and his face haired ſo thick,
With hair growing ſo grim, fearful to ſee.
I frained at him forn[illegible], the fear of himſelf,
Why his figure and his face was ſo fearce made?
If wearie of the world? or what him ailed?
He gi[illegible]ned, he ga[illegible]ped, and groaned ful ſore.

Wept with his gray eyes. And ſuddenly he ſaid,
Good game all the way, is as God wil:
For he is grieved through my guilt, and I no grace ſerved
My wild wanton wil, end my miſdeeds.
I may know of all woe, and my weird alas,
Becauſe of my ſin, that I ſerved ever,
Hath this ſorrow, and this ſight ſent unto me,
By trouble of my kin, that I am off come,
Hath me turned into this care, and carful me made:
That I have no hope of help, ſo help me our Lord,
While he that put me in grief once grace ſend,
Frain thou no further of my foot likes:
Of other works, as I wat, ask if thou likes:
Thine etling thou ask may, for an anſwer I shal,
In Woods and Wilderneſs, where many wayes lies
That I hearkened and heard, I height thee to ſay,
Then frowned I fearcely of this frivole world:
What to be of war, if he wiſt ought?
Or who should weld us in this world, that ſorrow dries
To grive us of good will, and get us to peace?
If there is fruits in this world, that ſo much worth is;
Should have fuſion on force, and any fair after?
And then he looked to the ground, and wept all a while
And he groned for grief weeping he ſaid,
Much anger and evil hath this Iſle chooſed,
All though Oggered and Ciſt, and Elvines Knight,
Brutus thy bairntime hes much bail choſen,
Since firſt in Britain to lend thou was brought:
Sickneſſe and ſorroweſſe ſet with ſyth,
When thou ſembled to the Sea, under ſail ſound:
Noroway hath neddered them and to meed brought,
That hath newed there names, and named themſelves:
English that are Eaſt food, and Edryons bairns,
But all the anger that they make, their own shal be,
That woful Weſtmoorland, wa mot thee betide:
For thou with war and thy wrong bairns,
When thou meſs with the Mers and miſſed with the ſame,
Much malice and miſchief thou made for thy ſelf?
Bairns and Banners thou brought upon loft,
With burning and bail hath wrought ſorrow:
Carliſe thy Captains hath much wa wrough:

Thou shalt compelled be with care, thou thinks it butlit
Thou shalt thy gates yarn, thou yarns not thereafter;
Thou shalt yalmur and yel that all York shal it hear:
Then the town shal be tint trow thou not elſe:
Thy tops and thy turnats tumbled to the ground,
No falſe fortune ſo ſel, hes thee at feed,
That force shal fail thee, when thou beſt thinkeſt,
And lipens on London to lead thee for ever,
On Linton and Lindſay, and Lancaſter shires,
There shal a Lyon be lowſed that a Lord is
Both of London and Lorn, as the law will
He shal alleage to be Leige, and the Law make:
Leave nought upon loft, but waſt them for ever.
All the ſtrengths of the Coaſt, and Caſtles every one
He shal uncloſe them to his crown and over them come,
Burgane, Bamburgh, as he by rides:
And Butlings beat it down and burn it for ever,
The water shal welcome him, and the waves of the ſea,
While he have won on hie all that he thinks
Through his truth upon Tweed, shal be turned after,
If who will count the time of the year
If even eeking the hour, and the day come,
And angred for evermore: this old men deviſes,
Needleſs thou Norham for nought that thou lookeſt
There is a Neker in the North thy neſt shal deſtroy:
Thou shal be waſted of thy works for thy wrong deeds
There shal no warrand thee wier, that thou winks after:
A black Bear, and a Brock, and a Bul head,
A Boar whelp, with a Brock, and a broad head,
Shal them bound in their bours and bear them down for-
And build them up their wals as they beſt think. (ſuth,
Red Roxburgh thy roſe, and reddy thee bown,
Thy root is now raiſed up, and rotten in ſunder:
Three Ravens and a rook shal on thy rock ſit,
And rolp rudely shal they, that Rome shal it hear,
From Roſs to Roſdeen was that right may be,
Reddy the Reſcouts, thou reſt no more,
For it is but reaſon th^ rights and rents be gathered,
What jangleſt thou Iudburght thou jages for nought,
There shal a guilful groom dwel thee within.
The Towre that thou truſts in, as the truth is,

shal

Shal be traced with a trace, trow thou none other:
The new Caſtle is keen, keeped ful well.
Thereto take ye good heed, nor come not therein:
A hird with a hand bow shal the hird keep,
Lie in an holine, and in an hair wood,
Both his horns shal he hang, and haſt him therewith
Oreſſe thee now Dumbar, and do for the time,
Thou haſt a dread for the Drake, that thee drown wold,
Thine heels are ſo hard ſet, with halmers of ſteel,
Well heavy therefore, hold thee full ſtill:
The new work, that is next on the North ſtream,
Shal caſt a blink to the Baſs, when the blink shines
Be it guided with wit, and will be no waſter.
There shal no waſter it weild, nor none evil doer.
Hailes, hold thee at home, ſo hold I it beſt,
For hap thou to Halidoun, thou art hurt for ever;
There is an Hurtchen in an Hurſt, in Heriot moor
Hath marred the Myrſnap in Minto Craigs:
That hath Manſions moved maugre of his teeth.
Dirlton and Dalkeith, they dread no more elſe,
But the Down and the Dow that the Drake leads:
The Dragon they drown would but deviſe of France
Doth for them doughtily, as he hath done ever;
Edinburgh that old Craig is angered full ſore,
For the awe of the Erne that in the Eaſt builds,
He hath a Falcons feire, that in far Lands,
Both his feddring and his flight, and his flight gathered
Needleſſe they noy them, that is for nought,
For they never in the neſt shal nourish their birds.
Strivling that ſtrait place, a ſtrength of the land
Why with Strabrock and Strathern ſtrives thou to yarn,
When Strabogie shal deſtroy all the Straiberies?
The ſtrands of Strabrok shal ſtream them with blood,
Three Storks in a ſtal shal ſtand them before,
Stuffed all in ſteel weed, all on horſe back:
There ſtoutneſſe shal ſtent and ſtonish themſelves,
For ſtroaks ſo ſteeve shal ſtent them within.
Do now Dumbarton, while thy dayes laſt:
A wretched cloud in the weſt, as Elders thee call:
For thou art in a Craig, thou now care dreads
Bear thee well to Bothwel, and build it up all.

Then Crawford and Cumnock with clean men of arm
Let not light the Lois leap out of town:
For thou art Lord of the Lands, and a new Alban King
To Dowlas now do well, and it dear hold:
For Dowlas the doughty may endure well,
Deal the beſt of the lands, that longeth thee to,
Feed them with fairneſſe, and with fair words,
Fy on the fellowship that hath a falſe end.
Cative and curſt men are cumbered for ever;
There may no cative by Chriſt this kindred defend,
Laughty and largeneſſe are two love things,
He that his life gave, loves them well,
Knights and Chriſten men thereto heed take,
Caſt the curſt men in care, but they to Chriſt turn,
Think on Dumbarton the bold in old birns time,
That thou art but a beeld, and in that land chief,
Thou shalt take heed to this token that I shal thee tel,
Believe it as truly as it were written:
When the Lowmond Law shal its leave take
From the Land of Lennox, and leave it for ever;
Leap lightly with Loup, look thee about,
And mantle all the Craig with a tower wall.
With Barges and Bilengers to rush at the gates
That both Fish and Foule that on flight goes.
Be flitted up freshly, and fair them within.
Then is Dumbarton burnt all to powder,
And all in a cloud: the war ended for ever.
And if ye fail of this freit after XIII years.
Yeair ye yaiply, and yairn ye no more.
The Caſtle of Carrick, that on a Craige ſtands,
Shal cry upon Cumnock for a true neſt:
That into Clidſdail coaſt clevers ful faſt,
In an Holine ſo hie by an elf busk.
Then shal the Galloway Grooms get on their Mares.
Three Tods and Terſel shal tene all woods,
From Tynmouth to Tultie, and be tole free:
But a Goſehalk of growth shal grive him then,
And get on a gray mare, that in graſs reſts.
In a gow of Gowrie by a gray ſtone,
He shal tulie both the Tods, and the tub alſo,
And with the teind that is taken, turn into France.

Two Wethers and a Wolf shal the field make,
Betwixt a Yow and a Lamb that leads the flock,
Before Butler the bargane shal begine:
All it is bootles his bags he ript.
Then shal the Ile of Rosay be rank ful of side bushes,
Then each man rews them, for rueth of his heart,
That would rend from the rood, and no rest thole.
A Cative in a craige shal a towre build,
And cry to Craig-Fergus the Grawdone is ever
For a book in but, as a Bul horne,
Bound with a bugle blow when he likes,
A Proud Pown in a preis Lordly shal light:
With Piots and Pillidows pulled in the Crown,
Plain power of the Pope must the Pown have,
To pluck and to punish, and part him about,
A Pyot shal partly appeal him againe
For his part of the Pelf, and the Pown wrong.
There shal much sorrow and strife stir them once,
That shal the Sterlings trouble, that stirs with wings:
An Hare with an Hurtchen and the Hind calf.
Shal hie them in holy land hold them therein
While a gray bound them grype, on the Greek sea,
And go with them grievously, where him leif likes;
There shal no gaming them glee, while the gray hound
Gryp the gray hound, and grieve him ful sore,
And buffet him bitterly, then bite him with war.
Go musing upon Merling more if thou wilt,
For I mean for no more, man at this time.
Then I studied stood and him held:
Then he could sturdily stir with his broad eyes:
But I couth further this fraine, for his Fathers soul;
It ever Frieck on this fold formed himself?
That he should witter me some way if he wist ought?
What of this world and this war should after betide?
Then as a Lyon he looked me on,
Like as he leep would and rent me in sunder.
He said, weens thou Waldhave, I win into heaven
That I may in this world all my wir have?
No, thou getst that of GOD, there gains none other,
To whom he gives the grace they are of good life?
But this tale that I tel you, ye shal trust it well,

It is tratling, but truth, the ſooth thee to ſay,
I moved into my mind how the ſooth ſtands,
Muſe on as thou may, the matter thou frines
Thou ſins if thou frienes fraind farther I tell,
I have enough Waldhave my way for to make.
Here in wilderneſs I dwell, my weird for to dree.

Waldhave *conjured this Spirit, to ſhew much more of ſundry things to come as followeth.*

BVt ſomewhat shal I ſay as ſooth I heard,
Amongſt ſiedges unſound that over ſooth is:
Three Maires of the Mars, shal mary themſelves,
With the Mertrickes of Mar, that they much love.
Thoſe brime beaſts wild, shal byte ful bold,
To baile and to barret bairns anew.
Then shal be firſt with the Bucks head,
The other a Bear that is brime, shal brue much care,
The third a Bull with a Bear that bears horns,
Hudge and hideous on every ſide high,
Theſe three shal raike and reve in the wild North,
There shal none other ride theſe ryotous beaſts.
A Cock with a keen comb shal compaſs them with
All whole the wayes where the land lyes.
With ſuch a ſcreich and cry shal their kind riſe,
That the Kinrik be Chriſt shal be cumbered thereof
But the happier half shal the Cock have;
For he is higher of head and hurts the leſſe,
Theſe falſe Lurdans life laſts but a while,
Till 3 Libberts in a ling from *London* shal come,
And lean toward Lothian in Linlithgow shire,
Toward *Glaſgow* they go, graithly thereafter;
Attour the hills where the way lyes,
And on *Govan*-moor graiths them to ſleep,
Then a Lion as Lord shal leap them among,
And learn them a leſſon though they loth think,
Fell Falconds in field shal their fey worth,
And their formales ſo far fleemed for ever:

Then

Then Purvey the Powock with thy proud shaws,
Thou shalt have part of the pelf, when the pack opens.
Then a Chiftain unchoſen, shal chooſe forth himſelf,
And ride through the Realm, and Roy shal be called:
Then shal Wales worthily dwell upon loft,
And chooſe them a chief Lord of Royalty holden,
Scots heirs of *Scotland* shal ſcale them full wide.
In *Humber* shal brulye, their right for to have,
Greſſon and Godrant that were great Lords,
They were tailied in that time with untrue folk,
Heaven, and even heirs of the Land,
Shal rent them, and riſe, and reel in their way,
And noy all the Norowayes that has them wrong wrought
When dead shal riſe, and marvels shew,
Look him flat in face, and none shal him know,
Then the Lillie ſo liele with notable beirns,
Send bodwart in Britain to the beirn bold,
Bids him blythly abide in battel joint.
Then a Lion shal leap looſe out of hands:
The ſixth out of *Ireland*, nobleſt of deeds,
But when he is looſe, then reſt is there none,
When the Syce is up, and the Sink under,
Then shal the dead ariſe, and work great wonder.
Among kind men in Kith kindle shal a care,
There shal a counſel ſit that shal whole banks bate.
Then Saxons are ſet with ſuttle thoughts,
And proves partly to prick with pairty faces,
And *Wales* warps up with wonderful deeds;
And *Ireland* helps that head to his moſt hight;
And all *Yorkshire* shal help: prove when he likes,
He shal bind him to bide, with beirns anew
Enter up at a ſide, where the ſea fills,
In his own kind ground, where that he was born
With dignity and dear men that him well loves.
For to conqueſt the clear Crown of Englands line,
But all would fail, were not forces that the fool thinks
He should be ſubtily ſold, were not Chriſt would.
That this dolorus date muſt drive to an end:
And the baſtards blood left is for ever.
Then in Britain, that day ſee who ſo will,
Shal never baſtards brook a foot broad of earth:

He

He shal be hurled and harled, and hasted to death,
With a wolf out of Wails, and bring him out of dayes
And conquest the clear Crown of Englands right,
He shal bring all England into good peace:
While an hunter shal rise, and reign in the North,
Rax up his banners with riotus beirnes,
For safety and supply of Brutes lands:
Much sturt and strife shal stiere a while,
From the North to the South sea, who so list:
For when the towers of Torin is tumbled in the sand
With hunger and hard life and falshood on loft.
Within viii. years after great wonder shal be seen
By that the Libberts race is fastly at an end,
Then the Lilie so liel shal leind in his lands
And to the Lyon shal get Lordships great:
For the Lyon shal arrive at Carlile,
And leap on the land, as Lord of the Ground,
He shal leind in the Land with his leif beirnes,
And lam the Libbert, and lose him for ever,
Shal never the Libbert leap one day after:
In bold Britaine to brook, the date is near passed.
That King shal deal and part all the broad lands,
To the Bruces blood, and other bold Knights,
That shal go with the way to the wengin of Christ,
In the vale of Iosaphat seen shal he be,
Where many Saryans shal quake with their hearts
When the dead man shal rise, and shew them a sight,
As Marvelous Merling hath said of before.
Take head to this tale that now I thee tell,
And trust it as truly as it were written:
When that falshood hath foot and freedome is lost,
And Covetous hath the Kyth at his own will,
When Laughty is laid low under foot,
And kindnesse is courtesie his friends to beguile:
And no truth shal be shewed unto Christen Lands,
But all bent to deceit, and none trust other,
Not the Father the son in his bodily oaths:
Holy Kirk shal have no girth, but plainly overturned
And Lechery on loft, and none spare other:
And each blood with other knits together,
The Laws of our Saviour is quite forgotten.

This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
at the Hare shal hirple on the hard ſtane,
hope of grace, but grace gets she nane:
en Gladſmoore and Govan shal gape thereafter,
ink not long on this loſs, for it is near hand,
en the Lamb is looſe, that the holy Kirk keeps,
en falshood is ſet in Seeges of Rome,
d works for the warrand that the cure wan:
ny Seeges shal ſigh within short time after,
d many marvels shal be ſeen within short time.
When the mouth of Arrane the top hath overturned
en shal Dumbarton mell of old done deeds:
d ſo shal Arrane hap in a new mans hands:
ope of Dumbar, when Hails shal hault,
en the Hunter shal come and his kind Ratches
nt Fotherick and Fyfe and the field win.
en Summer is Winter, and winter is weet
h warping wind and tempeſt great:
en falshood is ready his friend to beguile,
h hunger and hirship over all the broad lands:
en shall the poor people be ſpilled full near,
Leed with the Lucken hand is brought out of dayes,
tily his life shal loſe and many an other,
many doughty shal die for that deed?
many Leed in the North shal their life loſe,
coveteous and treaton them loſes the Land:
ny a wife and maiden shal wring both their hands
re this wicked wars be brought to an end,
firſt root of this war shal riſe in the North,
t the Iſles and Ireland shal mourn for them both
the Saxons ſeaſed into Brutes lands.
hen the Moon is dark in the firſt of the number,
n four creſcents to eke forth the dayes,
thriſe ten, is ſelcouth to ſee:
n an L to lowſe out the reſt of the number,
let three and two Thrieps as they will,
is the true date that Merling of tells,
gave to King Vter Arthurus father.
for to meen and muſe with theſe merry words,
once Britain shal be in a new Knights hands,
ſo hap to bide shal ſee with his eyes,

And

And *Merling* and *Waldhave* have ſaid of before,
And true *Thomas* told in his time after:
As Saint *Beid* in his book brieved the ſame,
Mute on, if ye may, for miſter ye have,
I shal give you a token that *Thomas* of tells,
When a Lad with a Lady shal go over the fields,
And many fair thing weeping for dread,
For love of their dear friends lyes looking on hills,
That it shal be woe for to tell the teind of their ſorrow;
Then shal be waſted their chief lands,
Where God curſes with his mouth dead muſt follow,
Now wot thou *Waldhave*, my will is way to paſs,
To wood wilderneſs, where my way lyes,
Then is the Libberts three lamed for ever:
And the Lyon shal be Lord and leader forſooth,
And all Britain the broad shal him bow to,
And his barnage bold shal him bliſs keep;
Then shal fruit well, and fashion of corn,
If freedoom and friendship his fyance be holden,
Cry ye Chriſten-men on CHRIST, and honour our King,
Of all cures and cares, in this coſt angers.
And thus he ſundred me fra, I frained no longer,
But I marveiled faſt at his fair head,
I ſtudied right ſtablely, all ſtonish thereof,
That I winked ere I wiſt, and wrought upon ſleep
And when I wakened, written I found
All theſe words on wax, wanted there none,
Brieved on a broad book, and on my breaſt laid.
Bleſſed be the briever that the book wrote,
Then can I make me to muſe, and melling therewith,
The firſt morning of May, this marvel I ſaw,
As I lay mine alone on Lowdon Law,
Looking to the Lennox as me lief thought.

The propheſie of Gildas.

WHen haly Kirk is wracked, and will has no wit,
And Paſtors are pluckt, and pilde without pity,
When Idolatry is in Ens and Re;
And Spiritual Paſtors are vexed and away.
And all Eſtates in ſight are unknown,

Be-

cauſe of their clothing cunning or craft,
ritually ſuſpended, ſubverted and ſuſpected,
nying their duty to God, and their debt:
omped up like Princes, as the Peacock proud:
fuſing their Religion and their right rule.
en in the North a wicked wind shal blow,
at all the Realm shal rue right ſoon thereafter.
e gray hound shal be grieved and driven at under
d tramped for his truth to whom he kept truſt,
e kindeſt of his kith shal not him know,
t him and his misknow that ever they never knew.
en shal many ferlie fal right ſoon after,
d from Caithneſs to Dover shal walk but war
d mourn for his misfortune, that failed ſo ſoon.
t better mourn for themſelves, for need they have.
les, when thou halteſt, herple not but hold thee,
hou ſpeakeſt where thou ſpoke, it shal able skald thee:
e barred Lyon lawleſſe at thee shal be grieved.
al ſearch and ſeek thee, to deſtroy thee for ever.
t shal a beirne from Barwick busk him and bown,
d ſearch the treading of trwes that were afore tane
the heedleſſe people, that held at their own hand
e holes whole, and the Herds had deſtroyed,
aſon shal be ſought, and granted shal be none:
e movers thereof shal mene and may not mend,
en shal the Couſel that cumbered hath the Kith
all for comfort, but long they may crave,
ey marked to the higheſt, and to overhale the old:
t all in vain they work they shal not prevail,
ey shal work unwiſe, and wit shal they lack.
en waried their weird, that ever they were wrought.
en shal the Ratches in this Region take,
d run their race rudely but any return,
e beſt of the Kyth shal cry for ſupport:
t ſcarce shal they riſe, they shal be ſo ſweir,
e Hound which was harmed, then miſſed shal be
ho loved him worſt, shal weep for his wrack.
t shal a Whelp riſe, out of the ſame race,
at rudely shal rair, and rule the whole North:
d quit the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
hough he from his Hold be kept back a while,

The Cock dare not crow, though it be his kind:
But keep himself close, while come shal his time,
Prepare thee Edinburgh, and pack up thy packs:
Thou shalt be left void, be thou leif or loath,
Because thou art variant, and fleemed thy faith:
Though envy and covetousnesse, that cumbred thee ever
True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
In an harvest morning at Eldome Hils.

The Propheſie of the English Chronicles.

THere shal proceed an holy Heremite in King Eltrid[us] time, in this manner in the book of King Henry th[e] sixth, saying, These Englishmen, forasmuch as they use t[o] drunkennesse, treason, careleſnesse of Gods House: Fir[st] by the Danes, then by the Normans, and the third time b[y] the Scots, that they hold the most wretches, and least th[e] worth of all other, They shal be overcome and vincu[st]. Then the world shal be unstable.

The Propheſie of Sybilla *and* Elttaine.

WHen the Goat with the Golden horn is chosen to the Sea,
The nixt year thereafter Glaidsmoor shal be,
Whoso likes for to read:
Marveilous Merling and Beid,
In this manner they shal proceed.
Of things unknown,
The truth now to record:
And from the date of our Lord,
Though that it be shown
Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the Lyon:
Four Crescents under one Crown,
With Sanct Andrews Crosse thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three.
Take heed to Merling truely:
Then shal the wars ended be,
And never again rise,

In that year there shal a King,
A Duke and no crowned King,
Because the Prince shal be young,
And tender of years.
Much sorrow and strife,
Shal be in Lowthian and Fyfe,
Through the Fulmarts false fears.
The Maudragill Moldiwarte,
Through the supplie of the fained Hart,
And launcing of the Libbert,
Linked in a laice:
In Fyfe and Lowthian shal stand,
With many Bow, Bill and brand,
And burn and slay all from hand,
Without any grace.
Then comes the Anthelope,
The blind Moldiwarte to stope:
With many Senyours in a sop:
Forth of all Airtes.
The Lyon ramping at the Royes,
With the Pronye, and Papingoes:
And many Knights for to cloyes,
Shal come frome the South.
The sadled Horse shal be seen,
Tyed to a tree green:
And with *avisa la fine*,
In a bag shal be born:
Sine two Ships in a Shield,
That day shal fit the field,
To be the Anthelops bield,
And fetch him beforn.
The Bears head, and the Brock,
The Bear, and the bloody Yoke
Three Crefents, and a Cock,
Shal come from the North.
They shal come from the broyl
And Knights keenly shal toyle,
For love of the Linkefoyle,
And fight upon Forth.
When the Battels draws near,
In their sight shal appear,

Navie of men of Warre:
Approaching at hand.
Then put their men in ordinance,
With five hundreth Knights of France,
And a Duke, them to advance,
To be in the Vanguarde,
And to the Anthelope shal liend,
And take him easily to friend.
Then the Libbert shal be tiend,
And desperate of blisse.
Scots and French shal take a part,
With a proud haitrent heart;
And shal upon the Moldewarte
Ere they dissever.
His bow to him shal be no bield,
All his Knights shal be kild:
Himself is slain in the field,
And vincust for ever.
Thus shal the Wars ended be,
Then Peace and Policie,
Shal reigne in Albanie,
Still without end.
And who so likes to look,
The description of this book,
This writes Beid, who will look,
And so doth make an end.

Here followeth a Propheſie *pronounced by a noble Queen and Matrone, called* Sybilla, *Regina* Auſtri, *that came to* Solomon, *through the which she compiled four books, at the instance and request of the said king* Solomon, *and others: And the fourth book was directed to a noble King called* Baldwin, *King of the broad Isle of Britain, of the which she maketh mention of two noble Princes and Emperours, the which is called* Leones, *of these two shal subdue and overcome all earthly Princes to their Diadem and Crown: and also be glorified and crowned in Heaven among Saints. The first of these two is* Conſtantinus Magnus *that was* Leproſus, *the son of Saint* Helene, *that found the Cross,*

The second is the sixth King of the name of the Stuart of Scotland, *the which is our most noble King.*

BRITANE

BRITANE.

IN Scotland shal reign the moſt noble and valiant Chiftain that ever was: full of Wiſdom and Policy, cruel in Iuſtice as a Lyon, and fierce. He shal be meek as a Lamb, but ſomewhat inclined to ſtragility of his flesh. In his time shal be great Iuſtice and Peace: but alace, for ſorrow, for by treaſon he shal be deſtroyed. This Lamb shal make many good houſes and fair places: He shal take great adenterous travels; and a little before his death, he shal have war with them that should be his friends, and he shal get victory over them: but by falſet of his own, he shal be drawn to a place of battel, where he shal get great diſcomfort, by the which he shal die. Therefore, alace, for ſorrow of his Line, which shal be in great trouble. And after him there shal be a Chiftane of the Kyth, unſtable as the wind, wavering as the waves of the Sea. In his time shal the Church tremble as an Aſpen-leaf, and great trouble in all manner of Eſtates: but it shal not long laſt. Alſo the Wolf shal riſe againſt him, out of the North-eſt, and make him great trouble: but he shal not prevail, for by the help of the Wolfs brother and the Fox, the Wolf shal be ſlain by a water-ſide: And ſoon after, there shal come out of the North a Dragon and a Wolf, the which shal be the help of the Lyon, and bring the Realm to great reſt, and peace with glory, with the moſt joy and triumph, that the like was never ſeen this many years before. For by the ſweet ſmel of the Lilly and the Flowre de luce, there shal a Chiftane of the Kyth chooſe forth himſelf, ſtable as a ſtone, ſtedfaſt as the Chryſtal, firm as the Adamant, true as the Steel, immaculate as the Sun, without all treaſon: He shal ſaill on the Sea, with walls on every ſide, and that with great glory and joy, to deliver the Kyth out of all thraldom and dolour; for he shal be ſtrong as the Wolf, wiſe as the Serpent, humble as the Lamb, ſimple as the Dove, victorious as the Lyon, Prince of Iuſtice, the weal of this Nation: He shal bind his tail to the red Dragon, and accompany him with the Lyon,

theſe

these three shal rise against the Moldiwart, the which
cursed of GOD: This Moldiwart shal have an earthly sk
as a Goat, the vengence of GOD shal fall upon him f
sin, and the suffering of the great pride of his people u
punished: Also they shal thrust him out of his Realm, an
make all the four chief flouds of his Realm to run blood
and after that the Moldiwart shal flee, and take a ship
save himself: For he shal have no more power o
Realm: And after that he shal be glad to give the thi
part of his Realm, to have the fourth part in peace, and
shal not get it: For the wil of GOD is that no man shal ha
mercy but he that is merciful: And after that he shal li
in sorrow all his lifetime: And by adventure suddenly i
a flood of the Sea: And his progeny shal be fatherless
strange Conatreys and Lands for evermore, because the
were gotten against the Law of GOD; For by that gener
tion the Realm of England is repleat of all iniquity an
abomination of sin. And so the Wolf, the Dragon wit
the Lyon, shal divide the Realm of England, and so sha
the land be conquest by the Power and Will of GOD, an
not by the strength of man.

And he that is an English-man born, shal deny and per
jure his native Nation and Realm: but yet they shal be
Tributaries to these aforesaid three beasts, and all whol
subdued to them. And then the Spouse of GOD shal b
glad of her deliverance, and her children shal inhabi
their lands with joy in the service of their Father by Cre
tion. Well is the man that keepeth his true part unto tha
time. For after those days the law of the Spouse shal b
well kept.

But in the mean time, that all religious persons suffe
patiently persecution, and specially the poor, which hav
left all for their Spouse sake, for they shal be glad to fle
to the mountains and caves for their safeguard: but h
for whose sake they do suffer, shal redress their dolour t
joy without end.

And the isle of Britain shal be in all joy and peace, an
the just shal be glad in the suppressing of their adversaries
And then shal all good men and women give perfect lau
and praise to GOD Omnipotent: For GOD doth suffer ma
to be punished for his sin.

And

And then shal the Owle, the Bear with the Eagle be all
eſtroyed, becauſe they were untrue to the Moon, and
hanged into blood: For by their counſel, the white
Lyon, gentle of nature, was degenerate, and made againſt
hem that was his truſty friends: For he shal be the cauſe
fgreat and much trouble, and shedding of much inno-
ent blood, and the beginning of great diſcord amongſt
hem that should be his friends. And as for his ſucceſſion,
hey shal never inherit their lands: And then shal the
Bruce beware and take good heed that he shed no blood
n the lands: but draw him to his ſtrength, for the Wolf
hal await him at an advantage and be his death, and then
hal all the birds of the wood ſing for joy, that the Wolf is
nade watchman, and enemy to the Fox. For all shal be
ne in truth and peace, Treaſon shal be known, and the
un shal shine clear, but the Moon shal be under covert
nd dark till God be pleaſed to redreſs: The white Lyon
mping shal have his den at large for his ſtedfaſt truth
at he keept to the Kyth.

And he shal keep the birds in their bounds with all glo-
y: But the Vnicorn shal couch full low for falshood that
e wrought with the Raven ralping, and that was for their
eedineſs and treaſon that they shal do by the ſea, and
nder a great hill: For the Cock that should have been
ne was falſe, and drew with him the Papingo; by the
hich the Roſe gave no ſmel, that ever was pleaſant to the
yth, and ſo in their trace they shal draw the beſt fowles
the wood, wherefore alace, but then let them take
eed, for then comes their diſtreſſe: the horn shal blow
blour in ſound, that all the Caſtles of Tyne shal quake:
nd the Hart shal run, and make little debate: wa shal
, but it shal not long laſt: For the Wolfe with the Dra-
n and the Lyon shal they releaſe, that long lay in their
n, and Iuſtice shal be had, that was ſtayed to riſe. Then
al tremble and quake, the Stalwart and the Starke, and
e right shal be had, that juſtice shal draw, and wa shal be
them that no pity would have: for the Chiftain of the
yth that God would, should guide, and ſtrike treaſon
wn on every ſide.

And happy is that man that may it ſee,
But happy is that Chiftain, whatever he be.

FINIS.